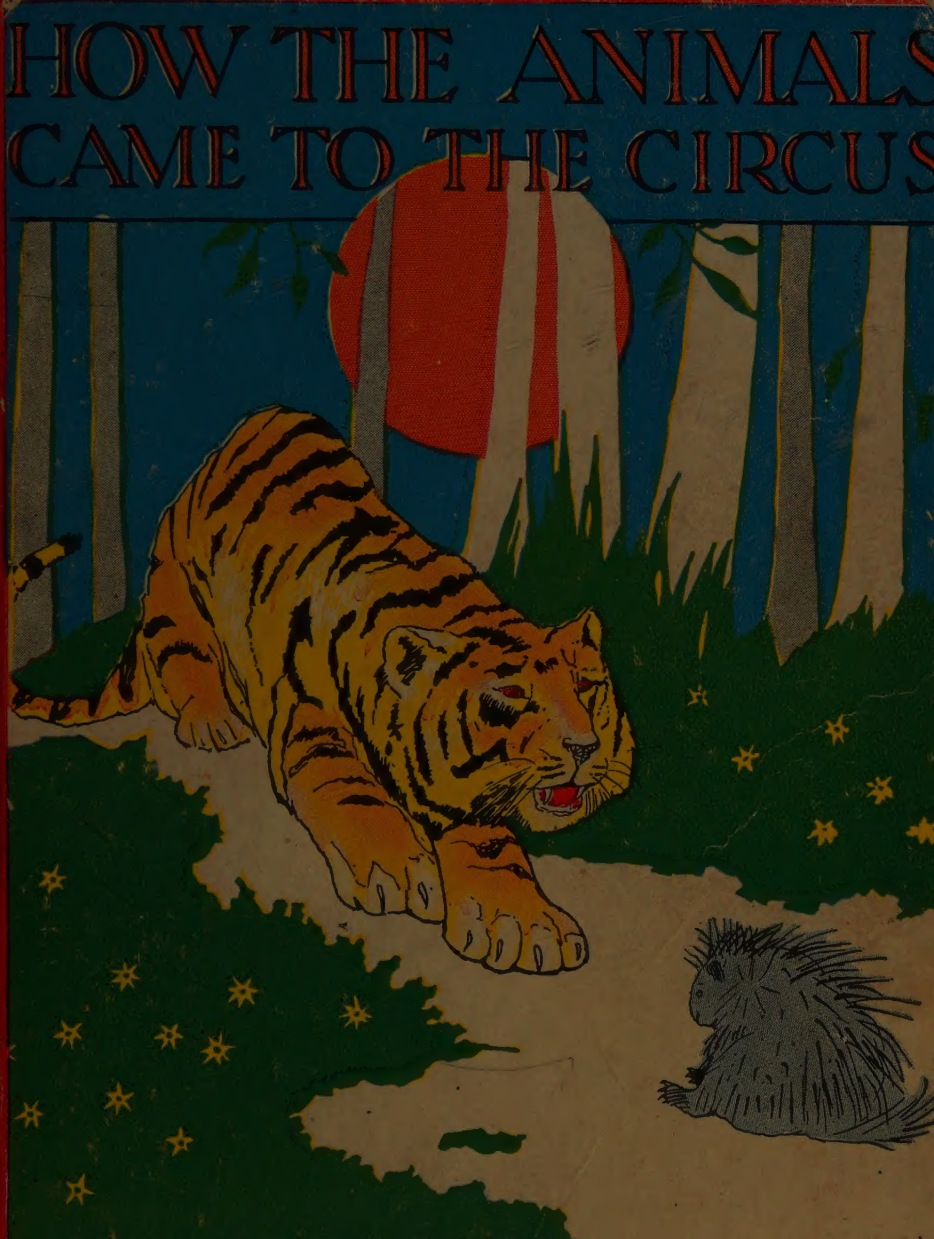
HOW THE ANIMALS CAME TO THE CIRCUS



Forrest Smith
From Mr. Mofsinger

HOW THE ANIMALS CAME TO THE CIRCUS

"I am good enough now," said the Muskrat, "but it would spoil me to swim back"

HOW THE ANIMALS CAME TO THE CIRCUS

By
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Illustrated by
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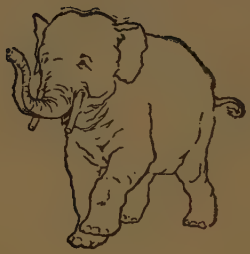
To all children who love the circus
and the circus animals

THE CONTENTS

	PAGE
A Message from the Clown	13
Little Blackie Bear	15
Silver Tail, the Circus Horse	21
Tawny, the Tiger	34
The Monkey and the Parrot	43
Snow, the Polar Bear	53
The Sleepy Seal	60



DEAR CHILDREN:

When you read these tales
About our friends in cages
You'll want to ask some questions
That would puzzle even sages.

But I love to answer hard ones,
So step right up to me
When you come to the circus,
And ask me two or three.

Don't be shy or bashful,
But speak out clear and loud
Because there's always lots of noise
When you are in a crowd.

Hoping I may see you, then,
When next I come to town,
I am truly, as you know,
Laughingly yours,

THE CLOWN

"You are old enough now to find your own food"

HOW THE ANIMALS CAME TO THE CIRCUS

LITTLE BLACKIE BEAR

Not so very long ago Little Blackie Bear lived in the Great Woods with his mother. Their home was in the big cave near the old chestnut tree and here they were very cozy together.

One day Mother Bear said to Blackie, "You are old enough now to go out into the Great Woods and find your own food."

"Very well, mother," said Blackie. "But first tell me, please, what is good to eat?"

"Rabbits, wrens, muskrats, and men will do to begin with," answered Mother Bear. So Little Blackie kissed his mother good-by and started out into the Great Woods.

He had not gone very far when he met a rabbit.

"Ho!" said Blackie, "I believe you are good to eat!"

"Oh, no!" said the rabbit. "I am not at all good to eat until I have run a mile."

"Well, start off then," said Blackie; "it is growing late. I have had no breakfast this morning and am getting pretty hungry."

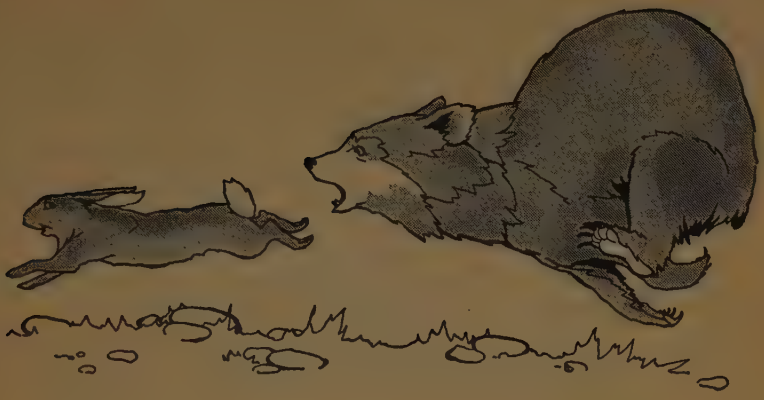
So the rabbit started off and Blackie after him, and they ran and they ran until they came to a little hole under a big stump and then, quicker than you could wink, the rabbit slid into it and was gone. And although Little Blackie Bear waited a long time the rabbit did not come back again. But after a while a little wren hopped almost under his nose.

"Ho!" said Blackie, "I believe you are good to eat!"

"Oh, no!" said the wren. "I am not at all good to eat until I have flown to the top of that tall tree."

"Very well, then," said Blackie, "hurry up and fly there. It is growing late and I am very hungry for I have had no breakfast this morning."

So the wren flew over the tree tops and was gone, and although Little Blackie Bear waited a long time she did not come back again. But presently he saw



a muskrat on the edge of a near-by stream and he ran over to him and exclaimed:

"I believe, sir, you are good to eat!"

"Oh, no!" said the muskrat, "I am not at all good to eat until I have had a swim." And he slid into the water and in a few moments climbed up on the top of his house in midstream and sat there.

After a while Blackie called out to him:

"Well, Mr. Muskrat, are n't you good to eat yet?"

"Oh, yes," said the muskrat, "I am good enough now, but it would spoil me to swim back."

"Dear me!" sighed Blackie, "it is away past dinner time and I 've had no breakfast yet!" And he turned

from the stream feeling very sad. But he had not gone very far when he saw a man. This man had a gun over his shoulder, for he was a Great Hunter.

"HO!" said Blackie, and it sounded very much like a growl when he said it. "HO! I believe you are good to eat!"

"Oh, no!" said the man, "I am not at all good to eat until I have run a long way." So he threw down his gun, for he was a Great Hunter and knew just what to do, and started to run. Blackie ran after him, and they ran and they ran until they came to a little house beside a road. The door was open, so the man ran right in and by the time Blackie got there he had climbed up a ladder and through a hole in the ceiling and had pulled the ladder up after him.

"Ho!" said Blackie, "come down here! You are good to eat now!"

"Yes," said the man, "I believe I am very good to eat, but I do not care about being eaten. But, if you are hungry, just step into the pantry and help yourself to whatever you find. The door, you will see, is open."

So Blackie ran into the pantry and there he found pies, and cakes, and bread, and meat, and jam, and

lots of good things, and he began to eat at once, for he had had no breakfast and was nearly starved.

Then the man sent his wife downstairs (for he was a Great Hunter, you will remember, and knew just what to do) and she shut and locked the pantry door so quickly that Blackie was a prisoner before he knew it. But he did not mind at all, for he was very busy eating the pies and cakes and all the good things he had found in the pantry. When he could eat no more he stretched out on the floor and very soon was fast asleep.

In the morning he was awake bright and early, but not before the Great Hunter, for, when Blackie opened his eyes, there stood the hunter looking through the pantry window at him.

"Ho!" said Blackie, "shall I eat you this morning?"

"Oh, no!" said the hunter. "And you need never trouble yourself again about looking for food in the Great Woods, for I am going to put you in a cage and sell you to the Circus Man and he will feed you every day."

So he put Little Blackie Bear into a cage and sold him to the Circus Man. And now, whenever you go to the circus, you may see him there—and, possibly, some day you may get there in time to see the Circus Man feed him.

SILVER TAIL, THE CIRCUS HORSE

When Silver Tail was a frisky colt he lived with a man called Farmer Doan, and a little boy named Ben took care of him. He was very fond of Ben, and Ben loved him better than any of the other horses. As soon as Silver Tail was old enough to learn, Ben taught him things that most horses never know.

He learned to say, "Good Morning"—not the

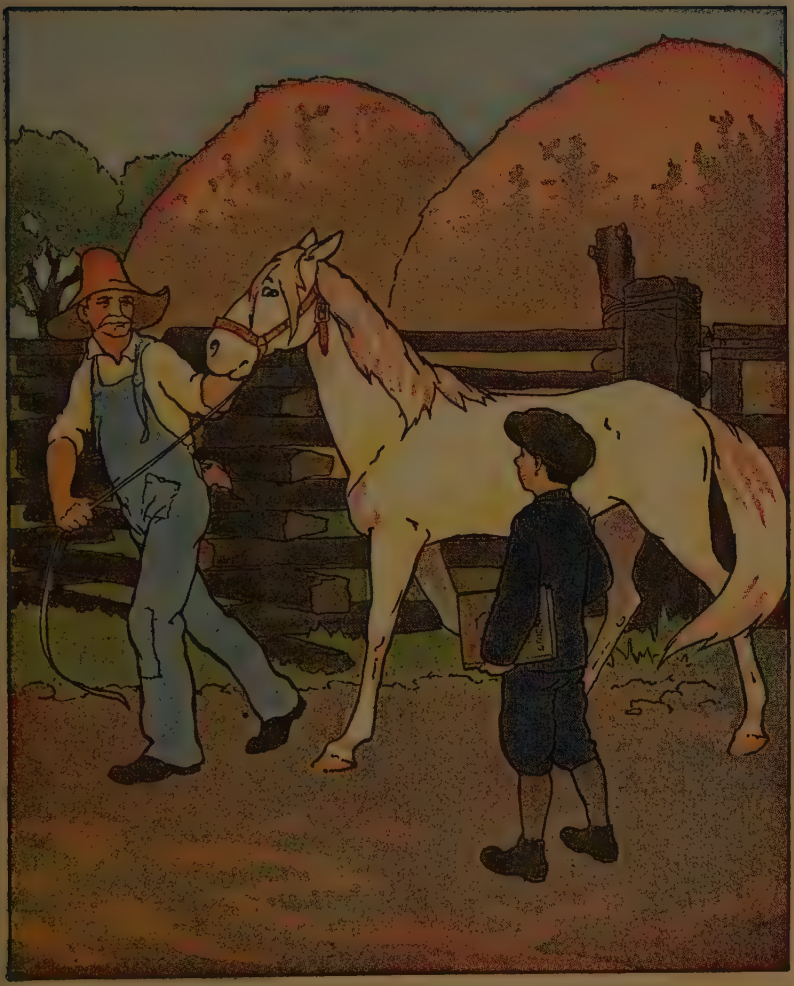
way we say it, of course, but it meant the same thing. When any one would come to him and say, "Good morning, Silver Tail," he would nod his head and whinny. And then Ben taught him to kneel. Very few people teach their horses that.

Well, Silver Tail was growing up to be a beautiful strong white horse when, one day, Mr. Bond, a man who lived about a mile away, came over to Farmer Doan's. He saw Silver Tail running about in the pasture lot and liked him so much that he bought him and took him home with him.

Ben was just coming home from school when Mr. Bond led the horse out of the gate and down the road. The little boy felt so badly that he stood right still and cried and said: "Oh, Silver Tail! Are you going to leave me?"

And then Silver Tail tried to break away from Mr. Bond and run back to Ben, but he could n't because they had put a halter over his head and he was held fast by that.

When they reached the pasture where Mr. Bond meant to keep him for a while, Silver Tail did not want to go in, so Mr. Bond whipped him. Now,



"Oh, Silver Tail! Are you going to leave me?"

Silver Tail had never been whipped in his life before and he did not like it at all, so, when it grew dark and every one had gone to bed, he quietly lifted off the top rails of the fence with his teeth, jumped over the other two low rails, and ran home to Farmer Doan's.

The next morning when Ben looked out of his window he saw the beautiful white horse walking about the back yard, nipping at the apple trees and flowers and everything else that looked as if it might taste good. And, oh, how glad Ben was to see him! He got into his clothes as fast as he could and ran down and threw his arms about the horse's neck and told him how glad he was to have him back again, and Silver Tail rubbed his nose against Ben's face and whinnied and told him, as plainly as he could, how glad *he* was to see Ben.

And then Farmer Doan came down, but he was not one single bit glad to see Silver Tail. He told Ben to take the horse right straight back to Mr. Bond before he even had his breakfast.

Ben did not like to do it, but, of course, he had to, so, very sadly, he led Silver Tail back to Mr. Bond's and left him there.

And then Mr. Bond whipped Silver Tail for running away. Silver Tail did not understand and did not like the whipping, so he ran away again the next day and the next and the next, and every time he ran away he went back to Farmer Doan's to find Ben, and every time Farmer Doan sent him right straight back to Mr. Bond and Mr. Bond whipped him some more. He never seemed to think of being kind to Silver Tail and making things pleasant so that he would want to stay in his new home.

And then, one day when Silver Tail was running away he stumbled on something and hurt his foot and when Mr. Bond got him back again he was lame. Now Mr. Bond was angry and he came over to Farmer Doan and wanted his money back.

"What good is a horse that I can't keep in a pasture?" he said. "He takes down the pasture bars and lets out all my other horses too, and now he has gone lame besides. He is no good at all!"

But Farmer Doan would not give the money back, for he did not want Silver Tail now either.

"The winter is coming on," he said, "and I am not going to feed and care for a lame horse that cannot work."

And when Mr. Bond tried to sell Silver Tail to other people they all said the same thing. Nobody wanted to take care of a lame horse that could not work.

At last, one time when Silver Tail ran away, no one came to look for him. He wandered up and down the road, through the woods and over the hills, and nobody seemed to care. At first it seemed good to be free, but after a few days he grew tired of it. It

He wandered up and down the road, through the woods and over the hills

was lonely wandering about all by himself and he was often hungry, too, for when you have been used to having a good meal of oats every day you miss it. Grass is good, but every horse likes oats once in a while. His lovely white coat soon grew rough and shaggy; it was stained with mud, and here and there bunches of burrs clung to it. Yes, Silver Tail was a tramp horse now and few people would have guessed that he had once been called beautiful.

"What a forlorn-looking old horse!" they would

say if they happened to see him go limping slowly down the road.

Sometimes when he met Mr. Bond or Farmer Doan they would snap their whips or throw stones at him and he would go off on a limpy gallop, getting out of their way as fast as he could. But one cold, rainy day in the late fall he saw Ben going along the road ahead of him on his way from school. Silver Tail threw up his head with a glad whinny and trotted up to him as fast as he could and put his nose right over Ben's shoulder.

"Why, hello, Silver Tail!" cried Ben. "Dear old

fellow!" And he hugged him and patted him, and then he cried a little, too, when he saw how lame the poor horse was. "Oh, Silver Tail! What is going to become of you this winter?" he sobbed.

And while Ben and Silver Tail stood there in the cold and rain, and before Ben stopped crying, a carriage drove up beside them and a pleasant-looking man leaned out and said: "Well, my boy, what seems to be the trouble?"

"Oh," said Ben, "Silver Tail has no place to go." And then he told the man how Silver Tail had been sold and how he ran away because Mr. Bond was cruel to him, and how he himself had taught Silver Tail tricks when he was a colt, and how much he thought of him.

"But I have no place to keep him," he finished, "and no one else will have him now because he has hurt his foot."

The man got down and looked at Silver Tail's hurt foot.

"That's nothing to worry about," he said as he climbed back into his carriage. "With a little care it will soon be well. And I believe I can make use of

Ben and Silver Tail stood there in the cold and rain

that horse. Jump in, boy, and get him to follow us up to Mr. Bond's."

But Silver Tail would not follow even Ben back to Mr. Bond's house, so Ben had to get out of the carriage again and let the man go alone while he waited in the rain, keeping Silver Tail until the man came back.

He was not gone very long and when he came driving up the road again he was laughing merrily

"I've bought the horse for a song!" he cried as he stopped beside Ben and Silver Tail. "Mr. Bond was glad to take anything for him. And now I am going to put him in my circus." For, you see, he was the Circus Man.

So he put Silver Tail in his circus and he has treated him so kindly that now Silver Tail would not leave him for all the wide world.

Every day when the band begins to play and the people come to the circus, Silver Tail runs out into the ring and a little girl rides on his back and jumps through a paper hoop, and then, when she wants to get down, he kneels, just as Ben taught him to, and she steps off easily to the ground.

And the Circus Man has given Ben a pass so that he can go to the circus any time he wants to without a ticket. Ben goes to see Silver Tail often and he is very, very glad to see him so well cared for and so happy. And now Silver Tail is going to stay with the circus just as long as the children like to come there to see him.

TAWNY, THE TIGER

Once there was a tiger named Tawny. He lived in the Great Woods with the lion and all the other animals, but nobody liked him. They did n't like him because he used to go about the Great Woods boasting, telling every one how clever he was and how much he could do.

Every time he met the lion he would jump into a tree and laugh and say: "Oh, Mr. Lion, see what I can do! Don't you wish *you* could climb like this?"

And of course the lion did not like it, because he cannot climb at all and he wishes very much that he could.

And every time Tawny met Bump, the clumsy bear, he would dance and prance and roll about and say: "Oh, Mr. Bear, see what I can do! Don't you wish *you* were as graceful as I?"

And of course the bear did not like it, because he is not graceful at all and he wishes very much that he were.

And every time Tawny found the boa constrictor curled up on his sunny sleeping-rock he would lie

"Oh, Mr. Lion, don't you wish you could climb like this?"

down at a little distance and begin to sing his sweetest song. Did you ever hear a tiger sing? Well, it sounds just like the purring of a great big pussy cat. And when he had finished singing he would laugh and say: "Oh, Mr. Boa Constrictor, have n't I a lovely voice? Don't you wish *you* could sing as well as I?"

And of course the boa constrictor did not like that, because he cannot sing at all and he wishes *very much* that he could.

And so it was with all the animals in the Great Woods. Whenever Tawny met them he would brag about what *he* could do and laugh at them because they were not so clever.

Well, everybody hoped that when Tawny grew older he would have more sense and better manners, but he did n't. The more things he learned to do the more boastful and disagreeable he became, until all the animals in the Great Woods tried their best to get rid of him.

First the lion tried to coax him away by telling him what good things he could find to eat in another woods in a far distant country. But Tawny just licked his chops and said: "I find some pretty good

things right here." And he would n't go a step.

And then the boa constrictor thought he could get him to leave by telling him what wonderful things there were to be seen in another woods far, far away. But Tawny just blinked his eyes and said: "I like what I see right here, don't you?" And he would n't go a step.

And Bump, the bear, tried to drive him away by grumbling and telling him what a miserable place the Great Woods was to live in. But Tawny just grinned and said: "It suits me here." And he would n't go a step.

At last, since they could n't get rid of him, all the animals tried to keep out of his way. When they would hear him coming they would jump aside and hide in the bushes until he had passed, and by and by Tawny began to feel that he owned the whole Great Woods. He expected every one to get out of his way and sometimes he would run roaring down the paths just for the fun of seeing the other animals scamper.

This went on for some time and then, one day when the boastful tiger was roaming through the woods, who should he meet but the porcupine, who came walking slowly down the path, his heavy quills rattling at every step.

Now the porcupine lived in a very lonely corner of the Great Woods and it happened that Tawny had never seen him before. But the minute he laid eyes on the porcupine he arched up his back, snapped his teeth, and cried: "This is my path! Get out of my way!"

You see he was not at all polite, even to strangers. But the porcupine did not seem to mind at all. He kept right on walking slowly down the path, his

"This is my path! Get out of my way!"

heavy quills rattling at every step. So Tawny snarled again: "Get out of my way, you ugly creature!"

But still the porcupine came steadily on. Again and again Tawny shouted at him, but never once did the porcupine seem to hear. Then the tiger began to boast. He told about all the wonderful things he had done and about the still more wonderful things he could do if he wanted to. But, somehow, the porcupine did not seem one bit interested. He kept right on coming down the path, nearer and nearer to the boastful tiger who crouched there, lashing his tail and snapping his teeth and threatening all sorts of dreadful threats if the porcupine dared take another step. And the porcupine did dare because his business took him along that path and he knew the tiger had no right to drive him out of it. He came right on until Tawny lifted his paw to strike him and then he stood still and every one of his strong, sharp quills rose up straight and bristling.

Slap! went Tawny's heavy paw, and then, "Wow-oo-oo!" cried Tawny, and he jumped back with his paw full of quills. But the porcupine went right on again, walking slowly down the path because his

business took him that way, and in a few minutes he was out of sight.

"Wow! Oo-oo! Hoo-oo!" roared Tawny. "Somebody come and help me pull 'em out!"

But nobody came, because all the other animals in the Great Woods had heard a sound that Tawny had not noticed, because he was so busy teasing the porcupine. When he finally did hear it, it was too late to hide and he could not run with his paw full of porcupine quills. And the next minute when the Great Hunter came along, there stood Tawny, feeling very foolish and not a bit boastful, and in all the

Great Hunter's long hunting life he never caught any animal more easily than he caught that tiger.

Of course he was kind to Tawny and when he got him home he pulled out all the quills and then he sold him to the Circus Man; and now when you go to the circus you will find him there in the cage which usually stands right next to the Greedy Lion. But Tawny is not boastful any more, for he has learned how foolish it is. And he remembers that, in spite of all his cleverness, it was a very small animal who got the better of him at last.

THE MONKEY AND THE PARROT

One day Myko, the little monkey, was climbing and jumping and swinging through the trees of the Great Woods when he met Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel scampering along and chattering as hard as they could chatter.

"Hello!" he called. "What are you two so busy about this morning?"

"We are house hunting," answered Mrs. Squirrel with a whisk of her bushy tail. "The old tree where we used to live blew down last night in the storm and we must find another home before nightfall. What are you doing, Myko?"

Now, Myko was not doing anything in particular but he always thought it great fun to do what he saw other people do, so he tried to look very serious as he said: "Why, I am house hunting, too."

"I wish you luck, then, for every one needs a good place to live in," said Mr. Squirrel. "Come, my dear, we must hurry along. Good-by, Myko." And off he and Mrs. Squirrel scampered while Myko went on climbing and jumping and swinging through the trees of the Great Woods until, by and by, he met Miss Proud Parrot fluffing her feathers in the sun.

"Good morning!" called Miss Parrot. "Where are you going this morning, Myko? You seem to be in a great hurry."

"I am," said Myko. "I am house hunting."

"House hunting!" cried Miss Parrot. "What sort of a house are you hunting for?"

Myko had not thought of that before but he tried to look very wise as he swung from a limb by his tail, and answered: "I am hunting for the most beautiful house you ever saw."

"Oh!" cried Miss Proud Parrot, "that is just the sort of a house I should like to live in! Let me come house hunting with you."

And so Myko and Miss Proud Parrot started off together and they hurried on and on and on through the trees of the Great Woods until they came to Mr. Wise Owl, who was sleeping near the top of a tall

tree. He woke up as they came hurrying by and called: "Hello, there! Where are you two going so fast?"

"We are going house hunting," answered Myko with a grin, for he was very proud to have so much business on hand.

"And what sort of a house are you hunting for?" asked Mr. Owl.

"The most beautiful house you ever saw!" cried Miss Proud Parrot, not waiting for Myko to answer. "Can you tell me where to find it?"

Mr. Owl scratched his head and thought a minute. "Why, yes," he said, "I can tell you where to find it, but it is far, far away from the Great Woods."

"Oh, that makes no difference!" cried Miss Parrot.

"Of course it does n't," laughed Myko. "I think it would be fun to go away from the woods for a while."

"Then," said Mr. Owl, "I will tell you how to find it. Go first to the edge of this forest. There you will find the Muddy Stream. Cross that and you will find yourself on the Grassy Plain. Cross the Grassy Plain and you will find yourself on the

"What sort of a house are you hunting for?"

Sandy Desert. Cross the Sandy Desert to the Beautiful Green Country and there you will find the City of Men. In the City of Men you will find, not one, but a great many of the most beautiful houses you ever saw. But the most wonderful thing about it is that the animals who live in the City of Men have their food brought to the house every day. They do not have to go out and hunt for it as we do."

"Oh, would n't that be lovely!" cried Miss Proud Parrot. "If I lived there I could fluff my feathers all day long! Let us hurry, *hurry*, HURRY!"

So off she went with Myko, on and on and on until they came to the edge of the Great Woods and there they saw a strange-looking box with iron bars fitted all about it.

"It is a house!" cried Myko. "I know it is a house!"

"But it is not the most beautiful house I ever saw," said the parrot. "And, besides, we have not crossed the Muddy Stream or the Grassy Plain or the Sandy Desert or the Beautiful Green Country, and we have not even seen the City of Men, so this cannot be the place Mr. Wise Owl meant."

"Never mind," said Myko; "it is a house anyway and the door is open so I am going in," and in he jumped. There on the floor he found bananas and oranges and nuts and some lovely round seed cakes. "Oh, it is just as Mr. Wise Owl said it would be!" he cried. "The house is full of food! Come on in."

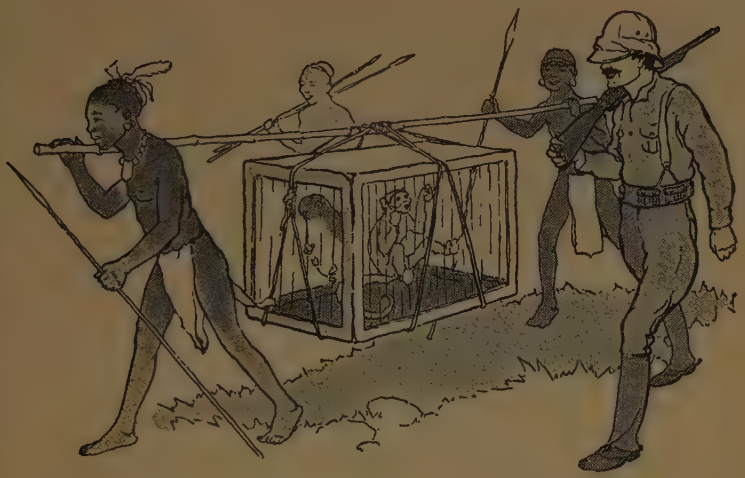
But Miss Proud Parrot would n't come. "I don't want to live in a house like that," she said. "It is n't one bit pretty." And she sat out in the sun and fluffed her feathers while she tried to think what to do next.

"Well," said Myko after a while, "if you do not like the house maybe you will like what is in it." And he threw her a piece of seed cake.

Miss Proud Parrot picked it up and ate it, and it was so good that she wanted more, so she called to Myko, "Throw me some more, Myko. Throw me some more."

But the little monkey was too busy eating to throw any more seed cakes, so, by and by, Miss Parrot flew in to get some for herself, and the moment she was inside *slam! bang!!* went the door and she and Myko were caught in the trap. The Great Hunter who had set the trap, and all the little hunters who had helped him, came out of the bushes where they had been hiding and took Myko and Miss Proud Parrot home with them.

They took them over the Muddy Stream, across the Grassy Plain, across the Sandy Desert, and through the Beautiful Green Country to the wonderful City of Men. And when they reached the city Myko and Miss Proud Parrot heard music. They sat very still to listen, for they had never heard anything like it before.



The music grew louder as they went on, and by and by they came right close up to it, for it was the circus band playing and the Great Hunter was taking them right to the circus. And when they reached the circus they found the Circus Man waiting for them. He was very glad to see them and he took Myko right out of the trap and put him into a cage with three other monkeys for company, and there he is still living happily with his new friends.

Miss Proud Parrot was put into a beautiful gold cage all by herself, and oh, how pleased she was!

All day long she sits there now, fluffing her feathers in the sun, and she thinks she has the most beautiful home in all the world. Ask her about it when you see her and perhaps she will tell you how much she likes it, for she has learned to speak the language of men and if you happen to catch her in the right mood she will talk to you by the hour.

SNOW, THE POLAR BEAR

At the circus you will find a big white cage and in the cage is a big white bear whose name is Snow. He has not always lived there, for his old home was up among the icebergs and snow banks of the Polar regions.

One of the first things he can remember is going

fishing with his mother. They would climb down the steep mountains of ice and snow until they came to the water; and then, standing close to the edge of the ice, Mother Bear would wait until she saw a fish come swimming by, when, quick as a wink, she would drop her paw into the water and drag the fish out on the icy shore. Little Snow, who had been watching eagerly, would now spring forward and Mother Bear would show him how little bears should eat.

Sometimes they caught a seal asleep and had that for dinner instead of fish, and once in a while they found some bird's eggs and ate them for dessert.

Snow loved to roll and tumble and climb about on the ice and he loved to go swimming with his mother. He thought it great fun to catch hold of her stubby little tail and make her pull him through the water, but every time he did it she scolded him and shook him off. You see, she wanted him to learn to be a strong swimmer so that he could take care of himself. But of all the many things bears can do he liked fishing best.

"Mother," he said one day, "when are you going to let me fish?"

They found some bird's eggs and ate them for dessert

"Just as soon as you are old enough I shall teach you how," Mother Bear answered.

"But I want to do it *now*," cried Snow.

"It is wiser to wait," said mother.

But Snow did not want to wait.

"I don't need to be taught," he thought. "I know how now. You just stand still and wait, and when a fish comes sliding by, quick as a wink you put in your paw and grab him."

When it was time for their afternoon nap Snow curled up beside his mother and lay there until he was sure she was fast asleep, and then he stood up; but he did it very carefully so as not to wake her. Then he took a few soft steps and looked around. Mother Bear was still sleeping soundly and did not notice him, so he trotted off toward the water.

It was much farther than he had expected it to be, but after a while he came to the edge of the ice and there he stood very quietly, just as he had seen his mother do; but though he waited a long time not a single fish came by.

At last he grew impatient. "I wish you'd hurry up," he growled. "I don't like standing still."

The fish answered never a word, but one of them peeked out to see what that funny little noise was and Snow saw him. Quick as a wink Snow put out his paw to catch the fish, but he did not know just how to do it. He leaned too far forward, lost his balance, and went head first into the cold, dark water.

But that was not the worst of it. Not very far away was a boat full of men and they were rowing toward him just as fast as they could row. Of course Snow could swim, but he could n't swim quite fast

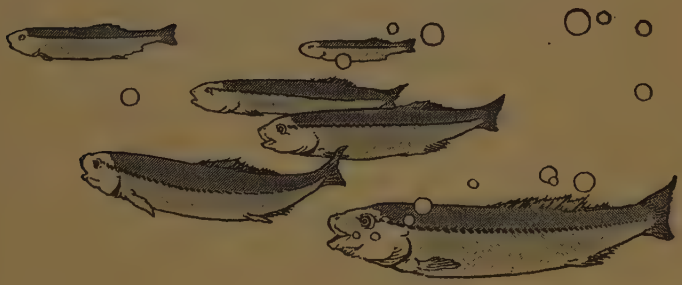
enough, and it was not very long before they caught him. And then they carried him to a great big ship and the next day the ship sailed off, taking him far, far away from the lovely, cold Polar regions.

After a long, long time they came to a big city where the captain of the ship lived and Snow was taken ashore and given to the Circus Man.

The Circus Man put him in the big white cage, where you see him now, and took such good care of him that he grew to be a great big bear. The Circus Man taught him to do tricks, too; and every day

now, when the people come to the circus, Snow sits in a chair and rings a bell, and then he walks around on his hind legs and bows to the ladies. He is very proud of his tricks and likes to hear the people clap their hands, but often he thinks of his beautiful, cold, snowy home in the north and wishes he could go back and have more fun fishing with his mother.

When he stands in his cage, slowly shaking his head at the crowd of children gathered about, he would like to say, if he knew their language: "Little boys and girls, never, never, *never* run away from your mother and go fishing."



THE SLEEPY SEAL

The Sleepy Seal! That is what every one calls him, for he was caught because he was such a sleepy head. He has another name, though—Sam, and you will see it painted in big letters on his tank.

He used to live on the shores of Greenland. Greenland is not a bit like its name. It is a cold, snowy place and a great deal of its shore is always

covered with ice. Sam and his mother and all their friends used to lie up on the shore and sun themselves all day long and sleep—unless a bear or a man happened along; then they would dive quickly into the water and stay there until the bear or the man went away again.

Last year the seals had a pretty hard time of it. There seemed to be more bears and men around than there had ever been before. Sam's mother was particularly worried, because whenever she would wake him up and say: "Come, son, hurry! They are after us!" he would roll right over and go to sleep again and she would have the hardest sort of a time to get him safely off the shore and into the water before the enemy came upon them.

One day some sailors hid behind the rocks and piled up cakes of ice and crawled along until they were right up close to the seals before any one saw them. Then an old seal who was watching gave a warning bark and all began to scurry for the water. That is, all but Sam—he was fast asleep.

"Come, son!" cried Mrs. Seal. "Hurry, child, hurry! They are *here*!"

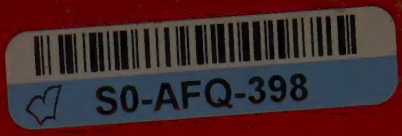
"All right, mother," said Sam, and he sounded quite wide awake when he said it, so his mother hurried off with the other seals and slid quickly into the water. You see, she thought he was close behind her; but he was n't—he had rolled right over again and gone to sleep.

The first thing he knew one of the sailors had picked him up in his arms and was carrying him back to the boat. Sam wiggled and squirmed and barked and cried, but it was no use at all; the sailor had him fast and held on tight until they reached the great big ship. There they fed the sleepy little seal and made him as comfortable as they could, but, by and by, when they had sailed back home to the City of Men, the sailor who had caught Sam sold him to the Circus Man. So there he is now at the circus. He still sleeps a great deal, but the circus people have grown very fond of him because he is one of the very gentlest of the circus animals. And he is very bright, too. He has already learned to dance. If you take your harmonica to the circus and play a lively dance tune beside his tank he will begin to move backward and forward and sidewise and dance; not as well,

One of the sailors had picked him up in his arms

perhaps, as you can, but still he dances. And some day when he grows a little older he is going to learn a great many more tricks, for the Circus Man is going to have a special teacher for him.

Sam seems to like the circus pretty well and seldom complains, but, of course, he would have a great deal more fun if he could be up on the shores of Greenland sunning himself and playing with his friends. You see, it does not pay to be a sleepy head. Sam lost a lot by sleeping that time and he often misses good things now because he will not wake up when the Circus Man calls him.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